

RECKLESS RALPH'S

DIME NOVEL ROUND-UP

A monthly magazine devoted to the collecting, preservation and literature of the old-time dime and nickel novels, libraries and popular story papers.

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BUFFALO BILL & NED BUNTLINE

by Sam E. Conner

486 Turner St., Auburn, Maine

It was with interest that I read the blurb from "Coronet" in the December issue of "Roundup" regarding Buffalo Bill and Ned Buntline. Frankly it was a new one to me. With no wish to enter into a controversy with the "Coronet" or Sea Jay, under whose by line the blurb was printed I'd just like to mention that I'm putting a big question mark against that yarn.

I knew Cody for a great many years. I was so young the first time I met him that I've never had any recollection of the event and I think I am correct in saying that the last time I saw him was when he made his last trip east with his show. That first may sound strange. It isn't. It was the occasion of Cody's first trip east with a stage show. He spent the afternoon of the day he appeared in our city in my father's drug store in company with his old army buddy Charles Downes of our town. We lived over the store. I was a couple of years old and used to be down in the store with Dad a great deal of my time. That's how I first met Cody. In later years that acquaintance was renewed and Cody never came into Maine that we did not get together.

Of course he took a drink. How many men of the old west or the new did not or do not? In all the years I knew him and all the times I saw him there never was once when he ever showed the signs of his liquor. This old army pal of his, Charles Downes, was one of the respected citizens. He held an important city office and was

respected by all. He was in the 5th Cavalry with Cody at the time Buntline went west, hunted the scout out and got the material from which he wrote the stories which gave the Scout his great prominence. Many times Mr. Downes told me of those days and of his experiences with Cody and never did he indicate that Cody was the kind of a gutter bum Coronet would make him out to be. Had he been I'm sure Downes would have told me, for he was that sort of a square shooter. In the course of 53 years as an active newspaper reporter I've written many yarns about Cody, practically all based upon what Downes told me about him. In the early days, before the gentleman's death, all of them were from data provided by him.

In view of this I cannot but question the correctness of the yarn in Coronet.

As for what was said of Buntline, all I can say is: He may never have written well or done anything well, but I do know that for a good many years he was a regular writer for the old Beadle Dimes and for their weekly story papers and that readers thereof liked his yarns. After all, it seems to me, that's the test.

THE VALUE OF FRIENDSHIP

by Louis E. Bisch, M.D., Ph.D.

It was Lord Beaconsfield who said that friendship is a gift of the gods, and surely he was right. But the rightness of the statement may not appeal to an individual until he truly needs a friend.

Few go thru life without needing a friend at some time or another. One

may remain self-sufficient and satisfied for years at a stretch, never giving thought to friendship, never feeling the need of kindly interest from anybody. Yet when life's thorny path pierces the armor of our complacency as it does, sooner or later, then we crave friendship as a lost soul craves water in the desert.

In the large centers of population many men and women attend to their routine work day in and day out without thinking about making friends—caring even less. Intent on making their own livelihood and always with a keen eye to the main chance, they gradually develop a self-centered and materialistic attitude which forbids the sharing of their pleasures, time, and thoughts with others. They may continue to be so wrapped up in themselves for years.

Then trouble comes, or doubt, or fear. A prized job may be lost; a beloved member of the family may die, a pressing and important problem may have to be solved. What then? As Cicero remarked in his famous essay on friendship: "It lightens adversity by sharing in our griefs and anxieties." Yes, when the spirit is sorely tried, a friend with his gracious understanding is like soothing ointment to a burning wound.

If you happen by nature to be shy and retiring, at least try to make a friend of someone whom you respect and admire, no matter how long it will take. Select a person of your own sex but perhaps a little older than yourself—one to whom you can confide your deepest and innermost thoughts and whom you know you can trust.

Don't be hesitant about making approaches. But remember that a truly noble character is not given to granting intimacies quickly. Such an individual must first feel satisfied with his appraisal of yourself before he or she, as the case may be, is willing to take you on as a close companion and confidant. A person whose friendship is won too readily should be held under suspicion.

Yes, try hard for friendship. It is worth it. And when you do manage to bind a good friend close, be careful lest the tie be broken thru carelessness on your part. For friendship not only must be made; it must also be held.

Don't forget to write to your friends, to visit them, to remember them with a card at Christmas and a line when birthdays occur. Such little attentions keep friendship green and alive. In fact they are essential nourishment for this truly beautiful relationship.

THAT "OLD BOYHOOD" THRILL

an original verse by
"Dare Devil Dave"

When the work of the day
Has been all cleared away,
And I'm free from my duties at last;
Then I'm keen for a date
With some brave lads who wait
In the distant, adventurous past.
There's a secret retreat
Where the old gang will meet,
And I eagerly welcome these men;
It may lead to a fight,
For it's all set tonight,
And the "James Boys" are riding
again!

In this safe hideaway
With plans formed for the fray
Jesse James makes his last orders
clear;
But I'm quite unafraid
For this terrible raid
Is confined to me "Novel Den," here.
Bold detectives will chase,
In a life and death race
While the train is held-up in the glen;
All the good folks will pray
For there'll be hell to pay
When the "James Boys" are riding
again!

Last night my big thrill
Was old "Buffalo Bill,"
And tomorrow, it's "Frank Merriwell."
Then "Nick Carter" comes
Hunting crooks in the slums,
Or "The Bradys" may prove very
swell.
"Frank Reade" or "Wild West,"
In fact, all the rest
Will appear in my Dime Novel Den;
"Deadwood Dick" is alright
But his turn's not tonight
For the "James Boys" are riding
again!

There's a thrill in each name
Known to Dime Novel fame,
Of the hundred old weeklies once read,
"Boys of New York" revives
"Golden Days" in our lives,

And there'll be "Wide Awake" hours ahead.

"Pluck and Luck" is ideal.

"Work and Win" has appeal.

And I laugh at "Muldoon" in my den.

But tonight, time stands still

For the "old boyhood" thrill

While the "James Boys" are riding again!

To regain your lost youth,

Try collecting "Old Sleuth,"—

It's the hobby of dime novel lore.

There are fine "Diamond Dick's";

"Boys of Seventy-six,"

And "Cap Collier," none can ignore.

"Rough Rider" is great

"Young Klondike" first rate

And the "Tip Top" is tops in my den.

But Jesse strides near,—

Don't you wish you were here?

For the "James Boys" are riding again!

Read "Dime Novel Round-Up"

For news "from the ground up,"

"Reckless Ralph" turns it out, and it's good!

It takes you behind doors

Of "Novel Collectors"

Who comprise "Happy Hours Brotherhood."

Have you ever a yearning

For the "old days" returning?

Just start your own "Dime Novel Den."

It's a hobby and pleasure,—

Finding "Gay Ninety" treasure

With the old "James Boys" riding again!

(Copyright 1944 by)

"DARE DEVIL DAVE"

IN MEMORIAM

We'll not see his like again. Modest, courageous Charles "Chut" Jonas is over the suffering that plagued him during his last years. He has helped most of us and we are going to miss him—his encouragement, his advice, his ideas. One member of the Brotherhood writes me that he exchanged over 3000 letters with "Chut." What a liberal education in Dime Novelliana that must have been! For he was the Dean of our clan with 35 years of collecting experience and the inquiring mind that delved deep into the mysteries of pen names, reprints with new titles, reprints in new series and all

the rest.

Items from his collections have enriched all the current major collections in this country including the great collection in the Library of Congress. Most of us have been recipients of his generosity—without his unselfish cooperation the rare items needed to complete a "run" or a series of stories would never have been acquired. "Chut" knew that he couldn't take 'em with him and preferred to help out some of us "beginners," with only 10 or so years experience in the collecting game, rather than to have his novels gather dust in a public library or worse still, to be destroyed by the public library readers lacking knowledge of their value and worth.

He was the warm friend of many a collector that he never saw. On Sunday, December 9, I was visiting W. C. Miller in San Antonio, Texas and we were talking of "Chut"—neither of us having at the time any other idea than that he was still with us in the land of the living. Brother Miller felt that I was particularly fortunate because I had had the privilege of spending an afternoon with "Chut," a pleasure that he had been denied despite a friendship of years, and I agreed. Brother Miller's sight is failing and he has difficulty in seeing to write but today a letter came from him with the request that I pass on to Ralph a brief statement for The Round-Up that he had enclosed. Instead, with full credit to Brother Miller, I am using it here: "Charles Jonas—Hail! and Farewell! They tell me you are dead. My old and trusty friend. For 18 years we hunted books together and made fun of each other, and told our woes and worries—yet we never saw each other in life. Well, good luck "Chut"! I'll meet you later on."

A few days before he passed on, the sweet old guy wrote his own obituary—a brief simple statement of the minimum facts without a word of his accomplishments on this old globe. It follows: "Charles Jonas died December 5, 1945 at his home 6837 N. Tonty Ave., Chicago.

Had he lived until Christmas Eve he and his beloved Hat'ie would have celebrated their 42nd wedding anniversary.

Mrs. Jonas and Sister V., it's better

for "Chut" this way but we know that doesn't make it any easier for you. We, the members of the HHB, acknowledge our many debts to him and express our sincerest regrets to you. We are missing him, too.

—J. C. Dykes

JAMES BUTLER HICKOK Wild Bill

by Clyde Wakefield — No. 3

Wild Bill Hickok born in Himer, later known as Troy Grove, La Salle County, Illinois, in 1836, killed in Deadwood, South Dakota, by Jack McCall in 1876.

At the age of twenty he left home and headed for Missouri and Kansas which at that time was having terrible border troubles, after many days march he reached St. Louis, not liking the City he engaged passage on a steamer bound for Leavenworth. Here he joined the forces of Jim Lane the recognized leader of the Red Legs, he served for several months under Lane.

In 1857 he filed a claim for one hundred and sixty acres in Monticello Township, Johnson County, Kansas. Shortly after this venture Wild Bill decided he needed a change and left for a position as driver for the Overland Stage Company which he accepted and which took him across the plains several times.

Wild Bill served under John C. Fremont as Brigade Wagon-master, later saw service in the Civil War not as a regular but for the most part as a sharpshooter, scout and spy. After the war as government scout and Town Marshal.

The greatest of the Frontier Marshalls and the deadliest gunman of them all in the opinion of such Marshalls and gun fighters as Bat Masterson, Bill Tilghman, Virgil and Wyatt Earp, John Selman, Part Garrett.

His courage and honesty was unquestioned, he endangered his life for law and order in a land where there was no law and order except the law of the gun.

He tamed Abilene and Hays City when they were rough, tough cow towns single handed, everyone knew that to break the peace meant meeting Wild Bill's deadly guns, consequently not many tried it.

The discovery of gold in the Black

Hills decided Wild Bill to head that way and as fate decreed to his death by the hands of Jack McCall, who was made drunk and given money by two Deadwood undesirables Tim Brady and Johnny Varnes and told to kill Wild Bill to keep him from becoming Marshal which had been suggested a few days before his death by several of the leading citizens.

Jack McCall's story that Wild Bill killed his brother was the invention of Judge Miller his counsel and had a great deal to do with his acquittal at his trial at Deadwood. After his release he left Deadwood and went to Laramie, Wyoming, while drunk made the statement that Wild Bill never killed his brother, he was now in a region where there was law and order he was arrested and held for trial at Yankton which claimed the trial in Deadwood was illegal and therefore not recognized by law, he was found guilty and hanged on March 1, 1877.

Thus died the killer of Wild Bill the generous, the courageous, the brave, the Prime of the revolver.

NEWSY NEWS

by Ralph F. Cummings

Henry Stinemetts, Bro. No. 149, says he was with the Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show in 1900, 1901 and 1902. Those were the days Henry would like to live over again. Henry says Buffalo Bill Cody never wrote a story in his life. The stories credited to Cody were really written by Major John Burke, and it is about time the real truth came out.

H. O. Jacobsen wants Young Klondike #6, 11, 18, 34, 37, 38 and Diamond Dick Jr. Weekly #104, 109, 113 and low Tip Tops under #200.

Have you seen Charles Bragin's New Thrills and Chills. Bigger and better than ever before. Price \$1.00.

Bill Gauder has brought out a complete index for all the "Story Paper Collector" magazines that he has published, from Nos. 1 to 25 (1941-45). Pretty nice, and worthy of any ones collection, or only a few numbers of S. P. C. Price 10c per copy, and well worth it too. See his ad in this issue.

Bill Williamson wants Pluck and Luck #200, 212, 488, 498, 506, 517, 523, 531, 36, 541, 558, 565, 581, 728, 904,

1035, 1048, 1057, 1104, 1119. Will buy or trade for same.

We hear that Sam Connors of Auburn, Maine, is very sick. Lots of sickness going the rounds now-a-days. Sam had a severe shock, but we all hope he comes out of it and on the road to health again.

Cloyd Sautter wants to know if any one has ever heard of the "Youths Compendium." Published by the Economy Pub. Co., of Phila., Pa. January 1879. It is Vol. 1, No. 1. Who knows anything about this Magazine? If any one should know, write to C. N. Sutter, 243 Summit St., Marion, Ohio. H. H. Bro. Member No. 94.

G. Fred Orphal remembers Wehman's book and song store on Park Row, New York City in the 90's. Heap long time, Fred. He says last time he was in their store they were slowly going out of business, was when Fred tried to get data on the author of "That Face on The Barroom Floor." He had met the author, that is, who claimed to be the author, a few times. There was always a question about who the real author was, after it became famous, many so-called authors sprang up. Wehman told me who he thought the real author was, but have forgotten it. Wehman was a "Song" byword back in the 80's and 90's and Park Row was headquarters for Song and Dime Novel dealers in those days. Fred walked the full length of Park Row 1892 to 1897 going to work on Maiden Lane. So he saw plenty, and a saloon in every second building. They had live goats there too and big signs front of every saloon with picture of big high glass of foaming beer with a ladder painted alongside of glass to show you had to go up a ladder to drink their large 5c glasses. What a difference between then and now???

Earl Marr of Auburn, Maine and Eli A. Messier were here at the same time, Jan. 6th and Earl Marr and Clyde Wakefield of Worcester, were down Jan. 19th together, so ye editor went up in the evening with them and visited Frank Henry. Quite a gathering of members, I'll say, at one time.

Robert McDowell of Uniontown, Pa. was up here for a few hours in the evening of Jan. 17th. Said he has just been discharged, from 4 years down Manila way. He looked swell in his uniform, all decorated up and my

niece thought so, too. Don't let us kid you too much Bob! Bob loves Tip Tops as he is trying to get a set.

Patrick Mulhall of Castlecomer, Ireland, wants novels by Pearce Egan.

W. P. Taylor, DDS, Odelli Bldg., Monongahela, Pa., says when he was a kid, way back in the good old days, when the Arbuckle Coffee Co., put out cards, such as Maps of the States, and countries and other interesting items, how he used to wait every week for his folks to get a pound of Arbuckle Coffee, and he'd pull out the card every week. Says he got a big kick out of it, as well as reading Fred Fearnot, Nick Carter, Frank Merriwell, Ralph & Phil Sterling and Frank Reade. Anyone wanting any of those coffee cards, he has them at 10c each. They are nice, so ye editor Cummings thinks.

Soon as the Roundup, Index-Digest comes in, I plan on sending every member of the Brotherhood a copy on approval-examination, then you can either send in your quarter or return the Index. It will be worthy of all Roundup readers. **It's a dandy!**

A. Willard Jaffray read the good old stories of Boys of New York and Young Men of America back in the 80's. Says he'd like to get Frank Reade's Steam Man that came out in 1884 or thereabouts. Would like to buy or borrow. Who will loan it if not for sale?

Earl Farmer says he has turned over a new leaf and wants to rejoin the H. H. Bro. Says he has learned his lesson the hard way, and promises to do everything in his power to right the wrongs he has done, so it's up to the Brotherhood.

The Banner Weekly Vol. 9 No. 459, Aug. 29th 1891. (Pub. by Beadle & Adams), page 4, 3rd col. half way down, had Bannerettes for an article. From a pleasant sketch in the Kansas City Star, of one of our long-time authors, John H. Whitson, we have these interesting personal points "The theory that a writer must live in or near New York or Boston, or some other 'literary center,' in order to succeed, does not hold good in the case of John H. Whitson, of Finney county, Kansas, for out toward the Colorado Line, and almost on the edge of No Mans Land. Mr. Whitson is a slender, thoughtful deep eyed man of thirty-six, with long writers hands and a

high forehead. His home is on a government claim, fifteen miles from a railroad and three or four from a post office. There, in his cabin, he turns out a supply of fiction which not only supports himself and wife, in what the neighbors consider luxury, but adds constantly to an already respectable bank account." Mr. Whitson is so well versed in human nature, by his varied experience as lawyer, journalist, traveler and rancher, that his work is always bright, strong and sug-

gestive. He is conscientious and right minded, and hence, fit to be a perveyor to popular literature. He has written for us (Bead's & Adams) since the days of the dear old Saturday Journal, to which, we believe, he remitted his first literary efforts, and therefore, like many of our present corps of writers, is one of our literary family. Note from ye editor. Mr. John H. Whitson died up in Rowley, Mass. quite some years ago. How'd he get way up here, I wonder?

PARTIAL LIST OF HAPPY HOURS BRO. MEMBERS

12. George French, 121 W. Passaic Ave., Bloomfield, N. J.
 17. Charles Bragin, 1525 W. 12th St., Brooklyn 4, N. Y.
 28. John P. Ball, 4816 Cortland St., Chicago 39, Ill.
 34. Edward & Tilman Le Blanc, 36 Taylor St., Fall River, Mass.
 37. Charles M. Taylor, Market Street at 46, Northwest Corner, Phila., Pa.
 50. J. P. Guinon, Box 214, Little Rock, Ark.
 52. A. W. Edgerton, 116 W. 6th Ave., Houston, Texas.
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 63. Wm. Langell, 1404 Webster St., San Francisco, Calif.
 64. W. E. Bennett, 2305 Indiana Ave., Kansas City, Mo., Rear.
 81. Eli A. Messier, 117 Morton Ave., Woonsocket, R. I.
 85. David Rosenberg, 1161 President St., Brooklyn 25, N. Y.
 88. George Van Ness, 239 E. 68th St., New York, N. Y. (new address)
 97. Ross Craufurd, 263 Henry St., Brooklyn 2, N. Y.
 98. Clinton B. Goodwin, Box 214, So. Ashburnham, Mass.
 103. Joseph Gantner, c/o De Luxe Studio, Boonville, Mo.
 114. J. C. Dykes, 4511 Guilford Road, College Park, Md.
 116. G. D. Nichols, c/o S. P. Ry., Nogales, Ariz.
 118. Herbert Prestwood, 311 No. Market St., Chattanooga 5, Tenn.
 119. Victor L. Neighbors, 304 N. State St., Litchfield, Ill.
 122. Robert McDowell, 20 Mifflin Ave., Uniontown, Pa.
 125. P. W. Seiter, 3306 So. Justine St., Chicago 8, Ill.
 131. Benjamin W. Hallett, Marstons Mills, Mass.
 135. J. H. Ambruster, 1458 Pensacola Ave., Chicago, Ill.
 155. David C. Adams, Box 5808, Metropolitan Sta., Los Angeles 55, Calif.
 167. George A. Urban, 1002 No. Chicago Ave., So. Milwaukee, Wisc.
 170. John P. Dorst, Whitingham, Vermont.
 202. Wm. L. Newman, Crime Book Center, 509 No. State St., Chicago 10, Ill.
 203. E. Dudley Evans, 441 Essex St., Lynnfield Centre, Mass.
 223. Richard E. Stolt, 2048 W. Huntington St., Chicago 18, Ill.
 228. Dan Bundza, 26 Hacker St., Worcester 3, Mass.
 229. Alfred A. Hupfeld, 5965 So. Cuba Court, St. Louis, Mo.
- The two last members are newcomers.

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Will exchange Beadles Dime, Half Dime, Deadwood Dick Lib., Lakeside Lib., Log Cabin, New Buffalo Bill, Nick Carter W. N. C. Stories, Nugget, Pluck and Luck, Tip Top, Wild West for Paper bound books and monthlies published by Lupton.

Next month: Mark Twain.

W. E. BENNETT
2305 Indiana Ave., Kansas City 1 Mo.

FOR SALE

Ballou's Pictorial Vol. 8, No. 1 to 25—1855 \$3.00. Illustrated News Vol. 2. Nos. 28 to 48 and 4 Gleason's Pictorials—price \$2.50. Gleason's Pictorial Vol. 6 Nos. 1 to 25 and Vol. 7, Nos. 1 to 26 both vols for \$5.00, or all 4 vols. for \$9.00.

Ralph F. Cummings, Fisherville, Mass.

FOR SALE

300 paper bound books, such as Garvice, Sheldon, Alger, Southworth, Eagle Series.

200 Physical Cultures, 1918 to 1939, some complete years.

75 Granite Monthly, 1895 to 1902.

25 Century 1886 to 96, 1 bd. vol. May to Oct. 1889.

15 Argosy 1898.

Most of them are perfect, a few lack covers.

About 25 of the celebrated "Albatross" series of books. These are rare.

One copy of a book called "Paine-Burgess Testimonial," 1888, being a description of all the International Yacht Races from 1851 to 1888. Fine. Make offers.

F. M. HARRIS
Ashland, N. H.

FOR SALE

The Cosmopolitan Art Journal, Vol. 4—1860. Bound and in nice condition. 50c takes it. Fine condition.

Ralph F. Cummings, Fisherville, Mass.

Wanted

PLUCK & LUCK Small Reprints

It is not necessary to list each number. Just give quantity, condition and price.

Kenneth Meadway

206 W. Sixth St., Boyertown, Pa.

106 Frank Leslie's Chimney Corner for sale, as they come, poor to fine, the lot as they are, for \$6.00 and well worth it, too.

Ralph F. Cummings, Fisherville, Mass.

Photos of old Novels can be had at 10c each, such as Handsome Harry Nos. 1 to 16, also Pluck & Luck Nos. 1 to 100 so far. Send in your order now, don't wait.

RALPH F. CUMMINGS
Fisherville, Mass.

WANTED

Kreutza Sonata Bearing Fruit by Pauline Grayson. Pub. around 1906 by J. S. Ogilvie Pub. Co., 57 Ross Street, N. Y. Came out in original 50c series.

Roland D. Sawyer, Ware, Mass.

WANTED

American Paper Novels before 1850.

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19 Huntington Ave., Boston 16, Mass.

I will pay

ONE BUCK APIECE

for any of the following in good shape:

Wild West Nos. 28 & 154

Young Klondike 29, 38, 39

Secret Service 192, 193, 194, 197, 198,

199, 201, 202, 205, 210, 211, 214, 216, 220.

Liberty Boys 90, 125.

Same price will be paid for about 100 other Secret Services. Send list of what you have for sale.

D. S. LEARNARD

23 Russell Terrace, Arlington 74, Mass.

Dave Adams wants to buy

"The Rise and Fall of Jesse James" published by Putnam's Sons, 1926.

"The Life and Times of Jesse James" Blue Ribbon reprint of above, 1939. (by Robertus Love)

"NOTED GUERRILLAS"

by Major John N. Edwards, pub. 1877.

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